THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

DECEMBER, 1820.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XIV.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LXI. THE three Primary Inventors of the nation of the Cymry: Hu the Mighty, who first formed mote and retinue for the nation of the Cymry; and Dyvnwal Moelmud, who first made a system of the laws, privileges, and customs of country and nation; and Tydain Tad Awen, who first conferred order and system of memorial and record upon vocal song and its appurtenances, and from which system were framed the privileges and regulated customs of the bards and bardism of the Isle of Britain.

[The original words for mote and retinue are *clud* and *gosgordd*, by which is to be understood the regulation of removal and guard, by which nomadic tribes were governed, as may be seen in the Triads of Motes†. *Tydain Tad Awen*, Tydain the Father of the Muse, is a singular name; but the history of the person thus designated is so involved in mythology as not to be cleared. His name and attributes tend to identify him with Taat, or Hermes, of Egypt,—or, it may be, with Titan, or Apollo, of the Orphic Hymns, celebrated as he was for his skill in music. Tydain is commemorated in two other Triads. Hu Gadarn and Dyvnwal Moelmud have already been noticed.]

LXII. The three Primary Bards of the Isle of Britain: Plennydd, Alawn, and Gwron; that is, these were they who projected the privileges and the customs, which appertain to bards and bardism, and are therefore called the three primary ones; nevertheless, there were bards and bardism before, though they were not under a licensed system, and they had neither privileges

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii, p. 67, 8. Tr. 57—60.

† These are the *Triodd y Cludau* of Dyvnwal Moelmud, inserted in the Arch. of Wales, vol. iii, p. 283.

nor customs, otherwise than what may have been obtained through civility and courtesy, under the protection of country and nation, before the time of these three. Some say, that they were in the time of Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr; and others say, that they were in the time of Dyvnwal Moelmud, his son, in some of the old books called Dyvnvarth ab Prydain.

[There is scarcely any thing to be said towards illustrating the history of the three personages here recorded; they are sometimes named in the works of subsequent bards, and that is all. It may be presumed, however, that *Alawn* is the same with *Olen*, or *Linus*, the Hyperborean, mentioned by the oldest Greek poets: and *Plennydd* has been thought to be identified with *Belenus*, one of the names of Apollo or the Sun. Mr. Davies, in his *Celtic Researches*, p. 170, conceives *Plennydd*, *Alawn*, and *Gwron* to mean light, harmony, and virtue,—the latter name, he says, having "the same relation to *gwr* that *virtus* has to *vir*."]

LXIII. The three Beneficent Sovereigns of the Isle of Britain: Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, who first formed a system of federalism of country and nation, and the regulation of country and border-country, in the Isle of Britain; and Dyvnwal Moelmud, who introduced an improvement and extension of the decrees and laws, and privileges, and customs of the nation of the Cymry, that right and justice might be obtained by every body in the Isle of Britain, under the protection of God and his peace, and under the protection of the country and nation; and Hywel the Good, the son of Cadell ab Rhodri Mawr, king of all Wales, who made an improvement in the Laws of the Isle of Britain, as the events and changes, that occurred to the nation of the Cymry, demanded, lest what might be good should pass into oblivion, and lest what might be good should not obtain its place, consideration, and effect in the system of the country and nation: and the best of all legislators were these three men.

[The feudal system had gained ground in this island, when Hywel Dda revised the laws of Wales; and, most probably, it was in consequence of its prevalence, that such a revision was deemed necessary. It would occupy too much space here, to enter into all the particulars relating to this important event in the Welsh history, which is rather circumstantially detailed by Caradog of Llancarvan. It may, however, be briefly noticed, that Hywel, who succeeded to the Principality of South Wales in 907, went to Rome in 926, with three Welsh bishops, for the purpose of consulting men of wisdom and learning on the im-

provement of the laws of Wales. Upon his return he summoned a national council, both of the clergy and laity, at the White House on the Tav, now called Whitland Abbey, near Tenby. Here it was determined, that the ancient code of Dyvnwal Moelmud was superior to all others, that had been examined on the occasion; and it was accordingly adopted, after having undergone some improvement and amplification. In 930 Hywel went a second time to Rome, to submit his new laws to the approbation of the Pope; and he finally promulgated them as the laws of all Wales, upon his accession to the entire sovereignty of the country in 940. Hywel died in 948. Dr. Wotton, with the assistance of the Rev. Moses Williams, published, in 1730, an edition of these famous laws, with a Latin translation, accompanied with many illustrative remarks. There are two valuable MSS. of these laws, one amongst the Cotton Collection in the British Museum, and another in the Welsh School, neither of which had been consulted on the publication of Dr. Wotton's edition. There is likewise an imperfect copy much burnt, but apparently of considerable antiquity, amongst the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum; and there are four other copies, besides the one already mentioned, in the Cotton Collection.]

LXIV. The three Vigorous Ones of the Isle of Britain: Gwrnerth Ergydlym [Sharp-shot,] who killed the greatest bear, that was ever seen, with a straw arrow; and Gwgawn Lawgadarn [Mighty-hand,] who rolled the stone of Maenarch from the valley to the top of the mountain, and which no fewer than sixty oxen could have drawn; and Eidiol Gadarn [the Mighty,] who, in the plot of Caer Sallawg, slew of the Saxons 660 men, with a billet of the service-tree, between sun-set and dark.

[This triad, so far as our information goes, is the only memorial of the first two personages mentioned in it. The stone of Maenarch may possibly be known to some reader of the CAMBRO-BRITON; and, should that be the case, some notice of it would be esteemed a favour. The plot of Caer Sallawg, or Old Sarum, is called by the Welsh *Twyll y Cyllyll Hirion*, or the Treachery of the Long Knives, and is commemorated still by bonfires on November eve, as explained in the former volume of this work, p. 172. As the winter solstice was one of the four great festivals of the Britons, it is likely enough, that Hengist and Vortigern would have fixed upon such a period for holding the meeting, of which the remembrance is thus preserved; and fires were from time immemorial kindled to celebrate the two solstices and

the two equinoxes. So the present inhabitants of Wales give only the plot of Hengist and Vortigern as a reason for bonfires on the eve of November, that being the only time, on which fires are kindled at present, the original festivals having sunk into oblivion.]

TRIADS OF WISDOM*.

CXI. Three things that will discover the disposition and natural qualities of a man: his eye, his speech, and his motions.

CXII. Three things that will cause a man to become wise: adversity, sickness, and enemies.

CXIII. With three things one ought to purpose every good action and knowledge: with all love, with all understanding, and with all ability.

CXIV. Three things that will show the bias of a man's mind: what he seeks to conceal, what he wishes openly to manifest, and what he greatly fears.

CXV. By three things shall a true knowledge of every thing be obtained: the sight, the hearing, and the feeling; and from these three comes the understanding; and without them there can be neither reason, nor understanding, nor knowledge as to any thing perfectly.

CXVI. There are three judgments as to all things, and without the three conjointly there can be no right judgment of any thing: the judgment of a friend, the judgment of an enemy, and the judgment of the conscience.

CXVII. Three unseemly and unjust opinions in any person whomsoever: the thinking himself wise, the thinking that every one else is unwise, and the thinking that every thing he may like is becoming in him.

CXVIII. From three things shall credit be obtained for the truth: from believing every thing, from disbelieving every thing, and from believing it of no consequence how it may be.

CXIX. Three things that, from their being rightly understood, will cause peace and tranquillity: the course of nature, the claim of justice, and the voice of truth.

CXX. Three things that will uphold learning: wit, exertion, and circumstance.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii, p. 212.

TRIADS OF THE FOUR NATIONS:

By the Lord William Herbert, of Rhaglan*.

I. Three notable things in a Welshman: genius, generosity, and mirth.

II. Three notable things in an Englishman: coolness, boldness, and industry.

III. Three notable things in a Frenchman: gallantry, courtesy, and inconstancy.

IV. Three notable things in an Irishman: flattery, cunning, and ostentation.

V. Three things that will make a person possessing them remarkable for wisdom: the genius of a Welshman, the courtesy of a Frenchman, and the industry of an Englishman.

VI. Three things that will make a good neighbour: the generosity of a Welshman, the coolness of an Englishman, and the courtesy of a Frenchman.

VII. Three things that will make a banquet companion equal to the best: the mirth of a Welshman, the boldness of an Englishman, and the courtesy of a Frenchman.

VIII. Three things that will make an accomplished libertine: the generosity of a Welshman, the gallantry of a Frenchman, and the flattery of an Irishman.

IX. Three things that will make a complete traitor: the coolness of an Englishman, the flattery of an Irishman, and the genius of a Welshman.

X. Three things that will make an excellent deceiver: the gallantry of a Frenchman, the cunning of an Irishman, and the industry of an Englishman.

XI. Three things that will make a foolish man: the mirth of a Welshman, the inconstancy of a Frenchman, and the ostentation of an Irishman.

XI. Three things that will make as perfect a devil as ever was reared in hell: the boldness of an Englishman, the cunning of an Irishman, and the genius of a Welshman.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii, p. 275. The four people, who form the subject of these (Triads, are, in the original, *Cymro*, (a Welshman,) *Sais*, (an Englishman, *Franc*, (a Frenchman,) and *Gwyddel*, (an Irishman.) The author appears to have been the celebrated William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who was Chancellor of Oxford in 1626. He died in 1630, and left a small volume of English poems, which was published thirty years afterwards.

XIII. Three things that will cause a man to be laughed at by every body: the gallantry of a Frenchman, the ostentation of an Irishman, and the mirth of a Welshman.

XIV. Three things that will not speedily be seen in the same person: the generosity of a Welshman, the industry of an Englishman, and the courtesy of a Frenchman*.

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

TWELVE QUESTIONS PROPOSED BY CATWG TO HIS DISCIPLES †.

I. Who is wise?—He that will not be angry at being ridiculed, and will not feel himself proud for being praised.

II. Who is discreet?—He that considers well before he speaks his mind.

III. Who is strong?—He that is able to master his passions.

IV. Who is powerful?—He that is able to hide his poverty.

V. Who is contemptible?—He that doth not conceal his own secret.

VI. Who is acceptable among the people?—He that is able to maintain himself.

VII. Who is merry?—He that doth not hear his conscience chide him.

VIII. Who is free?—The possessor of a trade and art, that can support himself therewith in any part of the world he may choose.

IX. Who is of good habit?—He that can bear with a wrathful and mischievous man, who may be in his company.

X. Who is good?—He that punisheth himself for the benefit of another.

XI. Who is happy?—He in whom there are by disposition a hatred against evil and a love towards what is goodly.

XII. Who is pious?—He that believes in God and loves him, and sees that his will and works are superior to all things.

* Among the "notable things" of a Frenchman, his vanity might have been mentioned, of which many instances may be cited; but the following singular trait, which occurs in M. Castel's Letters on Music, as comparing the French with other nations, may not be out of place here. "In music," says the writer, "the Spaniards bark, the Germans low, the English hiss, the Italians bleat, and the French *sing*."

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii, p. 55.

COLLECTANEA.

ANTIQUITATES PAROCHIALES.

[*Continued from page* 55.]

"NOTWITHSTANDING some persons may doubt whether Llanddwyn ever constituted one of the Prebends of Bangor, yet this circumstance will be placed beyond all question by the following document :—'Know all men by these presents, that 'I Griffith Young, LL.D., Archdeacon of Merioneth, having 'been appointed deputy to the Rev. Wm. Vaughan, Canon of the 'Cathedral of Bangor, and Prebendary of Llanddwyn, with full 'power and authority to nominate any other person or persons 'my agent or agents, to receive the rents, profits, offerings, and 'emoluments whatsoever, to the said Church of Llanddwyn be-'longing and appertaining, do hereby nominate and appoint our 'beloved in Christ, Evan ap Bleddyn, Archdeacon of Anglesey, 'Meredydd ap Tudur*, and Meredydd ap Cynvrig†, (stewards to 'the Bishop of Bangor,) my deputies and agents, to receive the 'said rents, &c., and with full power also to commence legal 'proceedings against Iorwerth Vychan, rector of Llanddoget, in 'the diocese of St. Asaph, for having violently, unjustly, 'illegally, and sacrilegiously taken possession of part of the rents, 'profits, and offerings of the said Prebendal Church of Llanddwyn, 'and against any other persons, who may, in like manner, trans-'gress and offend; in testimony of which, I have hereunto 'caused my seal to be affixed. Given at the Camp of Llan-'Badarn‡, 19 Jan. 1404.'

"From the preceding commission it evidently appears, that Llanddwyn, in former days, was not only one of the prebends of Bangor, but was also, in all probability, one of no inconsiderable emolument. Nor must it be omitted, that the celebrated Richard Kyffin, at that time dean of Bangor, and most probably prebendary of Llanddwyn, resided in this remote corner, and, by means of fishing-boats and other small craft, carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Richmond, then in exile in Brittany in France, and, in conjunction with Sir Rice ap Thomas of Dinevor, and other chiefs, who favoured the Tudor cause, concerted plans

* Ancestor of Henry VII.—P. B. W.

† Of Porthamel, or Porth ym Moel.—P. B. W.

‡ This G. Young, in all probability, was, at that time, in the train or army of Owain Glyndwr.—P. B. W.

for the overthrow of the tyrant Richard III., and for bringing that nobleman to the throne, by the name of Hen. VII., in which they were at last successful, the usurper having been killed, as is well known, in Bosworth Field, and Henry proclaimed king.

" The church of Llanddwyn was dedicated, as it is conjectured, to Dwynwen, the daughter of Brychan Brycheiniog, one of the celebrated *Colidei* or *Culdees*. This Brychan, as we are informed by Giraldus Cambrensis, had a great number of sons and daughters, who had acquired, in that dark age, a great reputation for sanctity, and were, consequently, (as was usual in those times,) denominated *saints*, and several churches in Wales were dedicated to their memory. On a small plain or meadow, in the middle of this little promontory, are situated the remains of the once celebrated church of Llanddwyn; and its present ruinous and desolate appearance must forcibly impress the mind of every person, who may be induced to visit this retired spot, with the transitory nature of all sublunary greatness and magnificence. It appears, that, soon after the Reformation, this church became so neglected, that it was exposed to the depredations of the neighbouring inhabitants, who, from time to time, despoiled it of all the timber and lead, and converted them to various domestic uses; but it is generally reported and believed, that the wretches, who were guilty of such an act of sacrilege, did not prosper long, for that the just judgment of the Almighty fell upon them. It is very probable, that, in ancient times, Llanddwyn might have been an island, and that sands, stones, and sea-weeds, collected by storms and tempests, gradually formed the present isthmus. For it is evident, that small islands of this description, nearly adjoining the main land, were the places generally selected by the Colidei in remote ages, as best adapted for devotion and contemplation, on account of their comparative security from the incursions of plunderers and marauders, and their remoteness from the convulsions and commotions of those turbulent times of anarchy, misrule, and domestic discord. Holyhead, (Ynys Gybi,) Llandyssilio, and Llangwyfaen, the former an island, and the two latter small rocks, on this coast, which were the different retreats of Cybi or Kebi, Tyssilio, and Gwyvaen*, may be mentioned as instances in proof of this assertion.

* This should be Cwyvan, who was the son of Brwyno Hen, and lived in the seventh century. There are two other churches dedicated to this saint, one in Monmouthshire, and the other in Denbighshire. Tyssilio was contemporary with Cwyvan; and Cybi lived during the preceding century.—Ed.

" As to the other parts of this small parish, they are perfectly barren and uncultivated, except a few tenements adjoining Newborough, tolerably well adapted for tillage, and from which (as they are considered extra-parochial) no tithes are demanded; the remainder consists of a rabbit warren, (which is consequently undermined by those animals,) and marshes, pools, and sandbanks, covered with sedges, reeds, and bulrushes, which supply the inhabitants of Newborough with great abundance of materials for the manufacture of mats, ropes, hassocks, &c. A grant of this warren was made, many years ago, to the family of Bodowen by one of the bishops of Bangor. It would be inconsistent with the design of this short history, and too tedious at present, to describe the variety of shells, shell-fish, and marine plants, which are frequently discovered on this shore; I shall, therefore, omit these for the present, and proceed to describe other portions of this district, which are more populous and better cultivated.

" Llan Bedr cum Novo Burgo, St. Peter's cum Newborough. —This parish, the ancient manor of Rhosyr, was the grange or demesne of some of the Welsh princes, and was denominated a manor and not a vill, and, according to the custom of those times, was divided into two parts. That next to the palace was destined for the villains, or bondmen, and the other inhabited by tenants, who were yet bound to their lord under certain rents and services. The former of these was again subdivided into two comportions. One was appropriated as the residence, and placed under the management, of an officer called *Maer y Biswail**, and was distinguished by the name of *Maer-Drev*, or Bailiff's Town or Habitation, and there are still many places, which retain this appellation. The *Maer-Drev* consisted of twelve *gavels* or tenements, which were held subject to certain services; and the other sub-division contained twelve small fields or enclosures, called *gerddi;* and those, who cultivated them, were distin-

* *Maer Biswail*, in the laws of Hywel, signifies a land-steward, or bailiff of a manor, and particularly with reference to the royal domains. His duties, as enumerated in these laws, were chiefly to superintend the management of the land under his care, and to provide certain necessaries for the court. In return, he was entitled to certain fines from the vassals and dependents, and other fees, besides the hides of all cattle that should be under his care for three nights. He had also certain other privileges, and was allowed a lodging in the buttery (*bwytty*,) or refectory, as Wotton translates it.—Ed.

guished by the names of *garddwyr*, who were persons of the meanest or lowest description. The second principal division or comportion of the manor contained eight *gavels*, (or holdings,) which were held by those denominated *liberi nativi*, or *freemen*, who claimed an hereditary right to their possessions; and there are some of these, whose posterity are to this day proprietors of the same tenements. But even these last were bound to perform certain services, such probably as the cultivation of certain portions of the demesne or prince's farm, keeping some of his horses or dogs, the payment of a particular quantity of corn, or meat, and so many heads of cattle, &c.

"These appear to have been the ancient divisions of this parish; but after the conquest, when the English kings becam princes of Wales, these Welsh customs and regulations were discontinued. The bondsmen were liberated, and the first mentioned portion of the manor, containing the site of the prince's palace, was converted into a borough, first of all subject to Carnarvon and afterwards to Beaumaris; and it retains, to the present time, the name of Newborough, as appears from what are called the Kensington Petitions. In the time of Edw. II., however, this place obtained a separate and independent charter *et gildam mercatoriam cum hansa*, and, under Edw. III., obtained many privileges confirmed after the manner of the statute of Rhuddlan, under the sanction of Parliament, which were again re-enacted and re-confirmed in the time of Richard II., Henry VI., and Henry VIII., which facts may be easily ascertained by any person, who may think proper to consult the Newborough charter, now in the possession of Mr. Owen, the worthy mayor of this borough*."

[*To be continued.*]

PREFACE BY THE REV. EVAN EVANS.

[*Continued from page* 59.]

"There is also a certain degree of obscurity in the very words and language of Taliesin; and the same may be observed of the compositions of Aneurin Gwawdrydd and other bards of the same age, a catalogue of whose works may be found in the learned

* Qu., was this Mr. Owen of Bodowen? If so, this charter may be in the possession of his descendant, Sir John Owen, of Orielton, Pembrokeshire, and where probably there may be some valuable MSS.—P. B. W.

Edward Llwyd's Archæology, collected from the notes of William Maurice, Esq. of Cefn y Braich. But Mr. E. Llwyd never saw any of the poetical compositions of Taliesin, Aneurin, and other early bards, except those of Llywarch Hen, which he found in *Llyfr Coch o Hergest:* and the works of these ancient authors will afford us very material assistance, not only in the investigation of our ancient British language, but also in examining historical facts, and in tracing the origin of the various tribes, who inhabited this island during that early period. Taliesin, in a poem, of which the following is the title, "*Cerdd am Feibion Llyr ap Brychwel Powys,*" mentions three separate nations, who had taken possession of different parts of Britain, previous to his time, viz. *Gwyddyl* (Celts or Gauls*,) *Brython*, and *Romani*, (Romans.)

Gwyddyl, a Brython, a Romani,
A wna hon dyhedd, a dyfysci;
Ac am derfyn Prydein, cain ei threfi.

And they are represented as exciting war and tumult on the borders of this fair isle, and its beautiful towns and cities; and it appears evidently from this poem, that the first inhabitants were *Gwyddyl* or Celts, which circumstance Mr. Llwyd and others have proved most satisfactorily, from the names of mountains, rivers, &c. But by the word *Gwyddyl* Taliesin must, by no means, be understood to mean the modern Irish; for their language at present contains a very considerable mixture of Cantabrian and Spanish, and differs very materially from the ancient genuine Celtic and British, which clearly appears from the writings of the old bards, and the ancient British Proverbs. For, if any person were vain enough to suppose, that he could discover the meaning of some of our obsolete British words, by consulting an Irish Dictionary, he would soon find himself woefully disappointed, and I am clearly of opinion, that the ancient genuine Celtic dialect had a very near affinity to the old Welsh or British. I believe, that the persons, denominated *Gwyddyl* by Taliesin, were genuine Celtæ, and inhabited this island previous to the arrival of the Britons, and probably soon after the general deluge, and that these Celtæ were the progeny of the Titans; for the Curetes and Corybantes, who were their princes and nobles, are

* The terms Celts and Gauls were not synonymous, but appear, on the contrary, to have been directly opposed to each other. See the last number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 127.—ED.

clearly identified with the *Cowri* of the British history, written by Tyssilio (the bishop,) which Geoffrey of Monmouth has very improperly translated *Giants*. And this blunder of his has been the source of endless mistakes; for the word *Cowri* evidently means princes, generals, nobles, or persons of great eminence*. The Curetes are therefore our *Cowri;* and the Corybantes (i. e. *Cowri-Bann*) were princes or persons of great eminence, as the expression denotes; and, what is still more to our purpose, the word *Gwyddyl* also implies any thing conspicuous, and is nearly synonymous with *Cowri*, which is the usual term, even to the present day, to designate persons of uncommon stature or great bodily strength†. The Curetes, therefore, were evidently our *Cowri*, and the Corybantes (i. e. *Cowry-Bann*) imply princes or leaders, or persons of the most eminent rank and consequence: and, in order to corroborate this assertion, it may be observed here, that there is a very high mountain near Towyn, in the county of Merioneth, which, to this day, bears the name of *Gwyddyl Fynydd;* and the highest peak or summit of Snowdon, is denominated *Yr Wyddfa*, (i. e. the highest eminence or the most conspicuous,) and by the common people, even at this time, is known by no other name. And *Gwydd Grug* means a high hill, or eminence, *Gwydd Fryniau*, high banks, and *Trum Gwydd*, the ridge of a mountain, and many others, which it would be tedious and useless to enumerate. And it may also be observed here, that the Κελται and Γαλαται, of the Greeks, and the *Celtæ* and *Galli*, of the Latins, appear to me to bear no other import. For *Gallt* and *Allt* are clearly synonymous with *Gwyddel*‡, and denote any thing high or eminent, though the word *Gallt* is, at present, restricted to designate the steep ascent of a hill, or a declivity; but, that the word *Gallt* was anciently used to denominate high mountains may be justly inferred from the word *Alps*,

* On the nature of Geoffrey's mistake in this instance, as well as on the general meaning of *Cawr*, there are some very judicious observations by Mr. Lewis Morris in a letter of his, published in the first volume of the Cambrian Register, p. 350.—Ed.

† When we consider, that the success of a battle or any enterprise, in those days, depended, in a great measure, on courage, united with uncommon physical strength, it will not appear surprising, that persons of eminent stature were selected as princes or leaders.—P. B. W.

‡ Is not *Gwyddel* derived from *Gwydd*, signifying trees or shrubs? If so, it has no reference to the meaning here given it, but implies, as observed in the place referred to in a preceding note, an inhabitant of the woods or coverts, and is consequently synonymous with *Celt*.—Ed.

which is evidently composed of two Celtic words, Gallt-ban, or pen, i. e. Allt-ban, Al-pen, or Alpine, which commutation or change of initial letters will appear easy to any person acquainted with the British language, and perfectly justified by the rules of grammar, as the mutations of radical letters in Welsh are well known to be nearly endless *. It would not be difficult to prove, that the ancient Britons are descendants of the Celtæ, and a close connection and affinity may be traced between their language not with the ancient Celtic only but also with the Greek; and, it is at the same time very evident, that their dialect differed materially from that of the aboriginal inhabitants of this island, and whom on that account they denominated *Gaillt* and *Gwyddyl*. The British language retains to this day many words purely Greek, such as *Haul*, Ηλιος, the sun, *Dwfr*, Υδωρ, water, and many others, which have been pointed out some time by the learned *Pezron*. But, that the Britons had other words of the same import purely Celtic may be proved from the works of the ancient bards; for *huan* is made use of by Iorwerth Vychan, and many other bards, to signify the *sun*,—

Llewyrch ebyr myr, morfeydd dylan;
Pan lewych *huan* ar fann fynydd.
Iorwerth Vychan.

Coruscatio portuum aquarum, et paludum marinarum;
Cum sol splendet ab excelso monte.

"And the old bard, *Avan Verddig*, in his elegy on the death of Cadwallon, the son of Cadvan, makes use of *bêr* for water, instead of *dwr* or *dwfr*.

"Goluchav glew, hael, hilig Nâv Nêr,
Aded gynt, ettiynt, hyd yn *irfer* hallt."
Avan Verddig.

Exorabo potentem et liberalem Dominum Creatorem,
Iverunt ad madidam aquam salsam.

"And from hence it is manifest, that *huan* and *bêr*† are two ancient Celtic words; but, if any one were to consult an Irish lexicon in hopes of finding the expressions, he would be disappointed; yet he may discover *bir* among the obsolete words in that language. The names of moors, meadows, and rivers, in different parts of Wales, may also be produced as an additional

* This observation is by no means correct, as the mutations in Welsh are fixed and defined: and, with reference to a preceding observation, it should also be noticed, that the radical B is never changed into P, as there assumed.—Ed.

† Qu., whether *Cymmerau* (the junction of streams) near Dolgellan, be not derived from *bêr*, *mêr*, cyd-mêr, cym-mêr?—P. B. W.

evidence, that *ber* and *mer* originally signified water,—for instance, *Bereu Derwenydd*, near Snowdon, *Castell y Berau**, in Llanvihangel y Pennant, in Merionethshire, where many mountain torrents meet. *Aber*, a confluence, seems also to justify this opinion, and *inver*, in the Erse dialect."

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XIII.

Rev. EDWARD LLWYD *to Mr.* HUMPHREY WANLEY†, *dated* APLETON, *Jan.* 6, 170$\frac{3}{4}$.

SIR,—Being retired, for this winter season, (when there's little or nothing to do at the Museum), about six miles out of town, it falls out to be sometimes a week before I have letters from Oxford, and, perhaps, as long ere I can send my anwers thither; you had else sooner received my thanks for your most acceptable and obliging letter of December 24th.

I knew nothing of Macregol's Gospel, till you directed me, but, have gone since on purpose from hence to see it, and was well satisfyed with the journey. As to your *quære*, whether the names of the two interpreters (Fermen and Owen) be British, I can only say, that Owen is common to the Britans and Irish, both as to modern use and in their oldest books of genealogy; but Fermen is peculiar (for what I have yet observed) to the Irish, which, according to the propriety of that language, varies into Herman and Herimon, a custom, which the old Spaniards seem to have had once in common with them,—seeing, we find, they have turned the Roman *facere* to *hazar*, *fabulari* to *hablar*, *fumare* to

* Qu. whether it be not derived rather from *beri*, kites? It appears to me that *mèr* is the radix for water, and that *ber* signified a spit or any thing pointed or sharp.—P. B. W.

† Mr. Humphrey Wanley, son of the Rev. Nathaniel Wanley, author of the "Wonders of the little World," was born in 1671, and died 1726. After having spent some time at Oxford, of which University he was a member, he became librarian to Lord Oxford, and in this situation had the arrangement of the Harleian Collection of MSS., now deposited in the British Museum, and from which this letter is copied. Mr. Wanley was also well skilled in Anglo Saxon literature, and was generally respected by the learned men of his time.—ED.

humear, so *faba*, *hava*,—*fatur*, *hado*,—*fermosus*, *hermoso*,—*fascis*, *hacha*,—*fagus*, *haya*, &c. Macregol is also, in all likelihood, an Irish name; so that upon the whole, these old Scots seem to have a greater claim to this valuable monument, notwithstanding its Teutonic interpretation, than either Saxons, Danes, or Britons.

I heartily thank you for your promise of communicating, for the future, an account of such British and Irish MSS, as shall occurre, and desire you would please to number me amongst the rest of your friends, as you examine any library of old MSS. I am but a stranger to the Cotton Library, as, indeed, to most others.

My lord of Carlisle sends me the welcome news, they are likely to elect you keeper; but, I have not learned what the profit of the place may amount to, and, I hope, if you should accept of it, that you will not be thereby confined to reside there.

I find my Lord of Carlisle had an imperfect account of the reputed British history in the Gresham Library; for you tell me 'tis Irish, and, he says, 'tis onely a Latin treatise (written in Irish characters) of logic, ethicks, and physicks. No doubt, but the Picts used the same character with the Scots and Britains, and, probably their language could not be much different; so, we know not, but some of the very ancient Irish MSS., still extant, might have been their's. For, that language has been so much neglected these later years by all scholars, that I dont know of any vocabulary of it (much lesse of any dictionary) ever published, except a small one printed at Louvaine, all Irish. This want of a dictionary has made almost all the Irish parchment MSS. unintelligible, and little regarded; insomuch, that I could not, though I made it my business, find one scholar or gentleman in Ireland, that could give me any tolerable account of the few old MSS., I had bought of some of the heirs of their country poets and genealogists. Thus, having no dictionary nor teacher, I have not been able, though very desirous, to acquire any skill at all in the Irish MSS, though I understand their printed books tolerably well. If any living person interprets the MS. you mention (though 'tis not probably worth much inquiry), it must be some of the Irish or Highland clergy of foreign education, or at least some curious Highland gentleman, who has been particularly conversant that way.

I find, by your censure of Kolum Kil's Gospel, you have ac-

quired a more critical skill in distinguishing the dates of our oldest MSS. than I thought attainable, in regard they are so few; but it seems, and I am glad to find it so, we are not so poor as I imagined.

You have probably, ere this, perused that MS. of the bishop of Norwich's I mentioned in my last. If you have copied the few marginal entries in it, I should be glad of them at your leisure, as also of the few Irish words you say there are in one place of the Cambridge Psalter now by you; because, they may, perhaps, prove British. Pray, do you take the Durham Gospels to be Saxon or British hands? and are there are any glosses or marginal entries? It has long been my opinion, that the Irish received their letters from the Britans, and the Saxons from both, which I grounded on the several MSS. we have in that character in Wales, and the number of old Irish MSS., either as to language or character, still extant though very much dispersed. The oldest I have met with, with any assurance of date, is the inscription of Kadvan, king of North Wales, who was at the famous engagement against Æthelfrith, *anno* 607, according to the Saxon Chronicle. We have diverse others, that look old enough, but no certainty of the time. I am, Sir,

your obliged friend and humble servant,

E. Lhwyd.

LETTER XIV.

Bishop Percy *to the Rev.* Evan Evans, *dated* Easton Maudit, *April* 10, 1764.

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure I perform all your requests; inclosed you have the transcript from Wormius which you desired. As his book relates only to the Runic letters and ancient manner of writing, it did not fall within his subject professedly to treat of the Islandic prosody; he has, therefore, only described one species of verse out of innumerable others, and this, as it were, by the bye and by way of specimen. He refers to the *Edda*, or old Islandic book of prosody, for the rest; this book I have not seen.—There is another *Edda*, which I have, that explains the Islandic mythology, and of this I shall publish, ere long, a translation, with some curious notes and dissertations of *M. Mallet*, the present historiographer to the King of Denmark, as you may remember I have hinted in the preface to my specimens of Runic poetry.

When may one hope to see your *Dissertatio de Bardis*?* I am fond of the subject, and have great expectations of your manner of handling it. I thank you for your friend's preface; though he is not much master of English style, the particulars he produces are curious†. I have turned to my learned friend Mr. Lye's edition of *Junii Etymologicon Anglicanum* for the etymology of such words as your friend mentions, and I find nothing, that does not confirm his derivations; I have not time now to descend to particulars, but shall be glad to hear from you as soon as agreeable. One so much master, as you are, of British antiquities, whether historic or poetical, can never want means of entertaining, dear Sir, your very affectionate servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

P. S. Pray, are the Welsh romances, you have described, in prose or verse? If they are in prose, then let me ask if you have ever seen any in verse? I take it, these subjects were treated in verse before they came to plain prose in most nations‡. This, at least, I find to be the case in the old Erse and Islandic languages, as well as in the more modern Italian, French, Spanish, and English tongues. I have got curious specimens in the last I mentioned. Pray is the word St. *Great*, or St. *Greal*, in the first article of your curious letter §?

LETTERS ON COLL GWYNFA.

LETTER I.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—You have, in the first and third numbers of your miscellany, given a criticism on Mr. Owen Pughe's translation of Paradise Lost; and I will venture to express my conviction, that

* This work must have been published soon after this letter was written, as it appeared in the same year.—ED.

† This friend was, most probably, Mr. Lewis Morris.—ED.

‡ Not amongst the Welsh; whose ancient literature possesses this peculiarity, that its poetry is the vehicle of truth and of history, and its prose that of fiction and romance. This has been before noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON.—ED.

§ There must be an error in the word *saint* here applied to *Greal;* the passage in Mr. Evans's letter had probably reference to the celebrated ancient MS. of that name so unfortunately lost from the Hengwrt library.—ED.

whoever has perused the work, or even the passages, you have extracted from it, must be satisfied as to the justice of your eulogium, however extravagant it may appear to others. But, I am very apprehensive, that this translation, admirable as it is, will want in the present age the popularity it so well deserves; for, to speak plainly, I am afraid it is too good for the Welsh *literati* of these times. Indeed, I have even heard some complain of Mr. Pughe's language, as being too deep and obscure, whereas the fault existed only in the shallowness of their own comprehension.

You have well observed, with reference to the imputed obscurity of Coll Gwynfa, that, wherever the author "may appear antiquated, he is only the more classically and more purely Welsh*." I fully concur in this remark, inasmuch as I hold our native language to be essentially different in this particular from all others, considering, as I do, that its energy, harmony, and purity are to be found in the greatest perfection in its most ancient records, and, that whatever it possesses of inelegance or of weakness is all of comparatively modern creation. The nearer, therefore, Mr. Pughe has approached to those early models, the more he has consulted the genuine excellencies of the Welsh tongue. But, there is another point to be considered in relation to this subject, and which has, I believe, been repeatedly urged in the Cambro-Briton. I allude to that inborn and inexhaustible fountain, if I may be allowed the expression, from which the language derives so much of its fertility, and its luxuriance†. In the hands of an experienced and tasteful scholar it cannot fail to acquire, from this source, a degree both of copiousness and expressiveness, unequalled in any other tongue, whether modern or ancient, with which I am acquainted. And this quality of the language, it appears to me, Mr. Pughe has exhibited in a remarkable manner in his translation of Paradise Lost.

Under these impressions it is that I presume to offer to your readers some extracts from Coll Gwynfa, in addition to those which have already appeared. And, in doing this, I shall select some of those passages, which have always been deemed most remarkable in the original. For, such is the general merit of

* See Cambro Briton, vol. 1, p. 104.—Ed.

† The writer appears here to allude to the illimitable faculty of combination possessed by the Welsh language, before noticed in the Cambro-Briton. See particularly vol. 1, pp. 84, & 104.—Ed.

the translation, that it becomes almost a matter of indifference from what part of it the proofs of the writer's success are extracted. I will also, with your leave, request, that the original lines may be printed with the version, for the greater readiness of the comparison, and by which means it may be seen, at one view, with what fidelity and with what spirit Mr. Pughe has rendered the great English epic.

The first extract, which has ever been greatly admired, describes the situation of Satan on the burning lake.

" Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareus or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest, that swim th' ocean stream."—B. i. l. 202.

" Tra traethai Satan wrth ei gyfnes hyn,
Ei ben oddiar y dòn, a llygaid mellt
Yn lluchedènu, ei aelodau braisg
A hirion, gan onofiaw ar y llif,
Amledynt liaws erwi, ac o faint
Y cawr amrosgo hwnw à oedd ei han
O ddaiar, yn y chwedlau gynt, ac efe
Yn erbyn Iou á frwydrai, ac ei enw
Briarios oedd neu Typhon, ac ei wâl
Wrth Tarsus hen, neu fo y morfil uthr
Y Lefiathan, mwyaf mil à nawf
Yr eigion à wnaeth Duw."—P. 8.

Whatever may be the force of the English lines,—and all must admit that Milton has given them as much as his language allowed,—the Welsh are at least equal. The first five lines in particular strike me as superior in this quality. For instance, I think the expression,

" ——— a llygaid mellt
Yn lluchedènu, ———."

stronger than the correspondent one in the original; and, perhaps,

" Amledynt liaws erwi"

gives a more picturesque idea of the huge bulk of Satan "expanding around" the wide waste of waters than the expression,

"Lay floating many a rood,"

however poetical it may be. The words "morfil uthr," too, seem peculiarly appropriate to the Leviathan.

The next passage I shall select is that, which so strongly depicts the "confused march" of the Satanic legions after the dissolution of their infernal council.

"Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous bands,
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good;
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd:
Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire."—B. ii. l. 628.

"Mal hyn ar herw
Gan ddyrys daith a syn, y torfoedd hyf
Yn welw o fraw, eu llygaid hyll y drem
A geffynt gyntaf ar eu truan ran,
Heb le i orphwys: treiddient lawer glyn
Oedd wyll a llwm, a llawer nychled fro,
Tros lawer rhewled, llawer tanlled allt,
Craig, ffau, cau, llyn, cors, rhos, cysgodion a
Bydysawd angeu, hyn trwy reg yn ddrwg
A grëai Duw, da ond i ddrwg, lle mae
Pob byw yn marw, marw yn byw, a nawd
Yn hiliaw gwrth, ac anfertholion oll,
Ffieiddiawl, annhraethadwy, ac sy waeth
No dychymygiad chwedlau neu ias ofn:
Ai Gorgon, Hydra, ai Chimæra syn."—P. 51.

It will, probably, be discovered, that in this passage the innate energy of the Welsh language has, in one or two instances, almost raised the translation above the original. Thus, the expression,

"Mal hyn ar herw
Gan ddyrys daith a syn,"

appears to me more forcible than the English words,

"Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn."

It will, likewise, be observed, that the monosyllabic line is very happily rendered*, and particularly, when it is considered, that the Welsh tongue is very far from affording facilities in this respect, while the English, on the other hand, abounds in monosyllables. And Milton has, on several occasions, turned them to great advantage in his endeavours to adapt the representation to the thing represented.

The short extract that follows has been regarded, somewhat fancifully perhaps, as an instance of those attempts, to which I have just alluded, to make the description conformable to the sense. Hence the repetition of the word "death," at particular pauses of the lines, has been taken to be descriptive of an echo; and, if so, the same merit must be allowed to the Welsh translation, unless the English monosyllable may claim any advantage in this respect over the Welsh word.

"I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death."—B. ii. l. 789.

"Ffŏwn gan
Orlefain Angeu; Uffern crynai rhag
Yr enw hyll, yn ol gan ochi oc
Ei holl ogofau Angeu."—P. 57.

There is no passage, I conceive, in the whole circle of English poetry more beautiful, more truly descriptive of what it paints, than the following short sketch of Paradise, as viewed by the arch-fiend; scarce a line, but what flows responsive to the particular fascination it was designed to convey: the whole passage is one happy union of beauty, fragrance, and melody. If, therefore, Mr. Pughe may not have come up to his prototype in this instance, he may well be excused; but, I think your readers will agree with me, upon a comparison of his version with the original, that he has acquitted himself, even here, with considerable success.

* A similar instance may be seen in the criticism on this work, vol. 1. p. 100.—Ed.

" Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, (Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only,) and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks,
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd
On palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Leads on th' eternal spring."—B. iv. l. 268.

" Efelly dedwydd dirion orsaf oedd
O amryw sylw y fan hon: coed berth,
Yn llwyni, á ddagreuent noddion per
O arogl, ereill llathr eu pilion aur
A hoff ddibynent, ac o felys chwaeth,
Os gwir chwedleuon am Hesperia, gwir
Yn unig yma: rhyngynt oedd aml fron,
Neu dyno brith o ddëadellau gwâr
Yn addien bori; neu flodeuawg ddol
Amddyfrwys taenai ged o flodau cain
Amliwion, ac heb ddraen: tu arall aml
Ogofau oerion a llochesi clyd,
A rhwysant winwydd gan fagwyaw grawn
Gorleision arnynt; rhêdant ar y pryd
I lawr hyd lethri brônydd ddyfroedd yn
Orddyar ffrydiau, neu mewn llyn llyfnâant
Eu drych i lòni glènydd myrtwydd brwys.
Ban côr yr ednaint; yn awelu chwa
O lwyn a maes, cysona eilon maws
Y dail ergrynawl, tra arweddai Nawd
Teleidion Hinon i decâu y twf
Gwyrènig bythawl."—P. 104.

Two or three parts of this extract appear to be expressed with a particular felicity: among these are

"———— neu flodeuawg ddol
Amddyfrwys taenai ged y flodau cain
Amliwion, ac heb ddraen,"

and also

"———— rhêdant ar y pryd
I lawr hyd lethri brònydd ddyfroedd yn
Orddyar ffrydiau."

In the first example the words "amddyfrwys" and "amliwion" are very judiciously chosen, and are more expressive than the English words which they represent. In the last instance "the fall of the murmuring waters down the slope hills" is also happily described, and may be said almost to be imitated by the rapidity of the lines, unless, indeed, an objection might be made to the word "gorddyar," which, I believe, is usually applied to any great noise, such as the howling of the wind, or the roaring of the sea, and, therefore, not strictly adapted to the gentle murmuring of a brook. And, if I may be allowed to give another proof of my hypercriticism, I would observe, that the last five lines of Mr. Pughe's version do not fully convey the idea of the original, although "cysona" is certainly more expressive than "attune," as implying more emphatically that "concord of sweet sounds," which the poet intended to describe. However, the blemishes of this passage, whatever they may be, can be of no importance, when opposed to the beauties.

The ensuing extract is of a different nature from the last, but marked by all the characteristic sublimity of the Miltonian muse. It describes the deportment of Satan, when brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and encircled by all the angelic host: and the Welsh reader will discern, through the translation, the merit of the original.

"While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan alarm'd,

Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd :
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd ; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield."—B. iv. l. 990.

" Tra hebai hyn y dorf engylaidd fflau
Fal tân rhudd, yn llymâu i loerawl gyrn
Eu catrawd, ef dechreuent amgylchâu
Gan waewawr rhagion, tewed â phe maes
I Ceres à wanega addfed lwyn
Ei barfawg dwys, y ffordd y rhwysga gwynt ;
Yr ammaeth o bryderu saif yn brudd,
Rhag ar ei lawr ei ysgub droi yn us.
Tu arall ofnai Satan, a chrynöi
Ei gyflwyr rym gan ymhelaethu, efe
A saif fal Tenerif neu Atlas, na
Symuded : oedd hyd awyr fry ei faint,
Ac ar ei bènial seddai arswyd erch
Ei bluawr ; idd ei angad nid oedd byr
A weddai waew a tharian."—P. 128.

Fearing to trespass more than I ought on your pages, I shall, for the present, close my imperfect notice of what I conceive to be the most prominent beauties of Coll Gwynfa ; and, with your permission, I will return hereafter to the subject. In the mean time, I hope I may be allowed, as an admirer of our national literature, to express my gratitude to Mr. Pughe, for having so successfully vindicated the peculiar excellencies of that language, to the improvement and cultivation of which he had before so largely contributed. For I cannot but regard Coll Gwynfa as the most classical specimen of the Welsh tongue, which the present age has produced, at the same time that it confers upon Wales the distinction of having furnished the most faithful, and, perhaps, the most spirited translation of the sublimest of all English poems.

Idwal.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. IX.

To the Editor *of the* Cambro-Briton.

Sir,—I have had in my possession for many years a printed collection of Welsh airs, foolscap size, the greatest part of the

title page of which is torn, so that I cannot find by whom it was published, which I regret exceedingly, as it contains some very judicious and valuable remarks on British music. What remains of the title runs thus,—"Antient British Music, or a Collection of Tunes, *never before published*, which are retained by the Cambro Britons, (more particularly in North Wales,) and supposed by the learned to be the remains of the music of the antient Druids, so much famed in Roman history." From some *memoranda*, written in several parts of the book, I find that it has been published more than sixty years; should any of your correspondents have a perfect copy in their possession, by giving the name of the editor through the medium of the CAMBRO-BRITON, they would oblige me.

Among the other contents of this musical work are some curious remarks on the ancient history of Welsh music, and its probable origin with the Druids, for which, indeed, we are not without the most satisfactory authority. At least, it is generally admitted, that music formed an essential part of the profession of the ancient bards, who held an important rank in the Druidical institution. All the observations on this point, however, in the volume before me, are not strictly to be depended upon, some of them being more curious than accurate, for which reason I shall, for the present, postpone my intended examination of this interesting subject*, and proceed to notice a few of the melodies comprised in the present collection.

"Sidanen†," or *The Silken Fair One.*—This air appears to

* It is unquestionable, that music was cultivated by the inhabitants of this island in very early ages; and of which the national custom of singing *pennillion*, still retained by the natives of Wales, is among the strongest proofs. By this practice a great variety of ancient musical compositions has been traditionally retained. It deserves also to be noticed, that to play on the harp, and to tune that instrument are reckoned among the twenty-four Welsh games, of which some account was given in the thirteenth number of this work. In the year 1100 Gruffydd ab Cynan, Prince of Gwynedd, established new regulations for the minstrels of Wales, and improved and illustrated the twenty-four canons of music. There is a valuable MS. of his regulations in the Welsh School, with a specimen of the ancient notations, which have been published in the Archaiology of Wales.—ED.

† Mr. Jones gives this air, in his collection, in a different (yet I think improved) manner.

have been intended as an instrumental rather than a vocal strain; for the compass is too extended for the voice, and the divisions are too long. Yet, there is in the melody a vast deal of spirit.

"Hoffder Arglwydd Strain," or *Lord Strain's** *Delight*, is an air very little known, I believe; I never, however, recollect to have heard it played. It is in the style of the "Queen's Dream," but the division of the strains (or parts) is unequal, the first consisting of 18, and the second of only 16, bars or measures. This irregularity often perplexes the singers, who are obliged to rest, or hurry over a few bars, in order to finish with the harper.

"Margaret verch Evan" is a very peculiar melody. The harmony at the commencement is on the *dominant* or 5th of the key, instead, (as is generally the case,) on the key note itself; but it is purely Welsh, very plaintive, and well calculated for a song on a sentimental or religious subject.

"Dynwared yr Eos," or *Mock Nightingale.*—This air is in Mr. Jones's collection, but rather different from the one before me, which may be easily accounted for. As most of the harpers in the Principality were accustomed to play by ear, and not from notes, it is natural to conclude, that a few alterations would creep in; and, indeed, the harpers are very fond of making their own flourishes, as they call them. One would expect from the name of this melody, that an imitation of the "lonely bird of night" would be introduced; but we look for it in vain. It is in a minor key, and, among the many feathered warblers I have ever heard, I never met with one that did not chaunt in the major key; but we may account in some measure for this *misnomer*. The nightingale is never heard, I believe, in many parts of Wales; so the composer, having been told that it was the "bird of sorrow," adapted the melody accordingly, as a country artist, in former days, painted the cherubim and seraphim with wry faces, because he had read, that they "continually do cry."

"Sweet Richard."—Although I had often heard this air, and always admired it, I did not think it a Welsh one, until I found it in this collection, but attributed it to Handel, or some of his contemporaries. It is, however, a most beautiful melody, and a great favourite among the Welsh harpers. *Richard Roberts* of Carnarvon, who won the silver harp at the Wrexham Eisteddfod, very judiciously selected it; and he performed the brilliant

* Is this name correct?—Ed.

variations on it with a neatness and energy, that delighted the company*. It is equally calculated for the piano forte, and ranks with Purcel's (or rather the Welsh) ground, as a lesson for that instrument, I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN PARRY.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ASCENT OF CADER IDRIS†.

THE party, intending to ascend Cader, comprised only the junior part of the family, including the young ladies, Mr. Harper, and myself; and, when the day destined for our jaunt arrived, we left Garthynghared, eight in number, at nine A. M.,—the ladies on horseback, and the gentlemen a-foot, accoutred in light fustian jackets, straw hats, and stout shoes. It was a lovely morning, as we traversed the dark heather hills, which rise behind the comfortable mansion, from which we set out: not a cloud was there to dim the bright azure of the heavens, and the morning sun shone bright on the green valleys beneath us.

> There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
> The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
> In unapproachable divinity,
> Career'd rejoicing in his fields of light.
> It was a day, that sent into the heart
> A summer feeling; even the insect swarms
> From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
> To sport in one day of existence more.
> ——————the rocks and glens,
> The forest, and the everlasting hills
> Smil'd in that joyful sunshine,—they partook
> The universal blessing.

The distance from Garthynghared to Cader Idris is nearly ten

* A new edition of this air and variations has been lately published as performed at Wrexham.

† The following lively account of an excursion to Cader Idris is extracted from a MS. entitled "Recollections of a Visit to Merionethshire, in 1819," another part of which was inserted in the third "Walk round Dolgellau," in the last number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 117, and where this excursion is also alluded to. The reader cannot fail to recognize, in this account, the work of a correspondent, to whom the CAMBRO-BRITON is already indebted for many interesting contributions of a similar nature.—ED.

miles, through tracts as rugged and desolate as the scenery by which they are encompassed is bold and romantic. Persons, unaccustomed to such wild scenes, would be astonished to see with what facility and adroitness the Welsh horses climb the highest ascents ; and they would be equally amazed at the fortitude and dexterity of the mountain-nymphs, who guide them. For my part, I was not a little surprised to find, that our fair companions had been carried by their ponies, to the very summit of Cader Idris. I believe, the young mountaineers anticipated much entertainment from the adventures of Mr. Harper and myself, whom they considered, in every sense of the term, legitimate subjects of the kingdom of Cockaigne, and, consequently, little accustomed to scale precipices, or ford bogs ; and, in good truth, they were not greatly disappointed. Our frequent and loud lamentations on the ruggedness of the road, the oppressive heat of the day, and the toilsome length of our walk, certainly displayed our *touristic* qualifications in no very favourable light, and continually provoked the merriment of our more nimble and hardy companions. But the first five or six miles were by far the best and easiest ; the nearer we approached the mountain, the more rough, rugged, and difficult became the path, and by the time we arrived at the base of Cader, and prepared to ascend, I looked forward to many a dire mishap, before we gained the summit of the gloomy crags, which beetled high in the heavens above us. Disencumbering ourselves of our jackets, Mr. Harper and I followed Mr. Edward Owen, (his brother having undertaken to escort the ladies by a smoother, though longer path,) up the side of the mountain,—briskly, indeed, and cheerfully, but encountering many impediments by the way. At one moment we bounced suddenly and forcibly against pieces of rock, that jutted out of the earth, and were concealed from our sight by heath or other brushwood ; at another, we sunk up to the waist in excavations, formed by nature in the declivity, which we were ascending ; and every now and then a pretty audible murmur would escape us, as we extricated ourselves from the one, or recovered from the discomposure occasioned by the other. At length, we gained an eminence, which I had taken, or rather *mistaken*, for the summit of the mountain. " That," said our conductor, however, when arrived here, and pointing to a huge misshapen mass of rock, still about half a mile distant, " that is Pen y Cader ;" and we accordingly strode manfully onwards, and speedily terminated our pilgrimage for a while, by reaching the summit, where

we were soon joined by the rest of our party. But it was the last effort of our exertion; the summit once gained, we seated ourselves on the ground in a state of complete exhaustion.

After resting awhile, we rose to look around us; and we acknowledged ourselves amply repaid for the fatigue we had experienced by the beauty and grandeur of the scenery before us.

> Amidst the vast horizon's sketch,
> In restless gaze, the eye of wonder darts
> O'er the expanse; mountains on mountains piled,
> And winding bays, and promontories huge,
> Lakes, and meandering rivers, from their source
> Traced to the distant ocean; scatter'd isles,
> Dark rising from the watery waste, and seas
> Dividing kingdoms!

The scene was indeed noble and extensive; mountain beyond mountain rose in the distance beneath us, and bounded our prospect in one direction, while it was terminated in another by a broad and beautiful expanse of ocean, glittering brilliantly in the sun-beams. Towns, villages, rivers, and lakes, (of which we counted upwards of twelve,) were submitted unobscured to our view; and we remained for a long time gazing on the magnificent scene, which our elevated situation afforded, and which the transparent atmosphere of a beautifully clear day enabled us to see to the best possible advantage.

Having satisfied ourselves with viewing the different prospects on the mountain, we repaired to a well, affording excellent water, and situated a little way down its northern declivity. We soon reached it, and, opening a basket of *provant* which we had brought with us, seasoned a very hearty meal with copious draughts of the pure and delicious beverage of this Cambrian Helicon. When we found ourselves sufficiently refreshed, we prepared to depart, Mr. Harper and I accompanying our former conductor,—and the ladies again placing themselves under the guidance of the younger Mr. Owen. Our guide led the way down one of the most rugged passes in the mountain, that known by the name of *Llwybr Madyn*, or the Fox's Path. The reasons, which induced us to encounter the difficulties of *Llwybr Madyn*, were two fold; first, we should save, at least, two miles of the road, a point well worthy of those who travel the wild hills of Merionethshire; secondly, one part of the *Llwybr* affords a very fine echo. Under these circumstances, then, we commenced our descent with cheerfulness. If we found the task of ascending

laborious, that of descending was equally so, and fraught with far more danger. The extent of *Llwybr Madyn* I should imagine to be nearly two miles; and the declivity is extremely steep, and covered in many places with a species of loose slate, which a succession of dry weather had rendered exceedingly slippery. Where this slate is not to be found, the sides of the mountain afford growth to heath and gorse, concealing large stones, with which we frequently came in contact, as we were impelled downwards by the stream of loose stones, which we had set in motion. In a hollow, at the foot of this delectable "path," is a deep and dark pool, into which, it is highly probable, we should have been precipitated, had we been luckless enough to have made a false step, or acquired too violent an impetus by our haste to reach the bottom. The echo is, indeed, remarkably fine, and the blast of a small bugle, which Mr. Edward Owen sounded, had a very beautiful effect, as it reverberated from point to point, and died away in the distance. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that we saw, as we were descending, two goats, high and hardly discernible among the brown beetling crags above us. These were the only animals of this kind I ever saw in a wild state in Wales; and I am informed, that there are generally two or three to be found among the almost inaccessible cliffs of the "Fox's Path."

Having descended the pass, we gained something like level ground, in comparison with that, which we had just been traversing, and we experienced the comfort of a tolerably smooth road for the remainder of our journey. About half way between Garthynghared and the foot of the mountain an elderly peasant, whom we saw at work in a field by the road side, after the usual salutation, invited us to his cottage, close by, to refresh ourselves. Although he spoke in a language, with which I am not very familiar, yet I could perceive an eager earnestness in his manner, which evinced the undisguised sincerity of his intentions, and we did not decline an invitation so *naïve*, yet so cordial. So, the ladies, with their conductor, having previously joined us, eight in number, we entered the good man's hut. Our approach disturbed the repose of two very large pigs, who retired with audible tokens of displeasure at the intrusion; but we were heartily welcomed by a decent old woman, our host's wife,

"*—pia Baucis anus, parilique ætate Philemon,*"

who hastened to set before us such simple fare, as the cottage

contained, and a table was quickly spread with oat-cakes and milk, bread, butter, cheese, and *succan**. It is pleasing to record these unassuming traits of hospitality. Indeed, among the secluded hills of Wales the peasantry always evince a readiness to offer the traveller such refreshment, as their humble situation affords; and they seek no other recompence than the commendation of their simple and honest hearts. These little acts of kindness and sincerity,—these gratifying proofs of virtue and purity,—strengthen and ennoble the hearts of those, who display them, and deeply impress the minds of those, upon whom they are exercised, with the liveliest feelings of gratitude and admiration. It will be long, ere I forget this mountain-peasant's courtesy,—courtesy so unaffected and sincere, and offered with so much good will, alacrity, and earnestness. It is needless to add, that we all left the cottage highly delighted,—and no one more so than the writer of these *Recollections*.

We reached Garthynghared at six in the evening; and our fatigue may be partly estimated, when it is known, that we were absent nine hours, two-thirds of which time, allowing three hours for our stay on the mountain and our sojourning at the cottage, were spent in walking. Besides, the paths we traversed were far from smooth; and, although Mr. Harper and I excited the friendly jokes of the family by our comparative effeminacy, we could very well perceive, that we were not the only persons who were wearied by the excursion. R.

CRAIG PWLL DU.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—A small stream empties itself into the Wye, on the Radnorshire side of the river, called the *Matchway* by the English, but *Bach Hwy*† by the natives. At the place of its disemboguement it separates the parishes of *Llan Deilo Graban*‡ and *Llan Ystyffan*§. My motive for alluding to it is on account

* A kind of very small beer usually drank by the common people in Wales, and not very unlike cyder in flavour.

† Qu. *Bach Gwy*, the small stream?—ED.

‡ *Teilo* was a saint of the sixth century, to whom there are several churches dedicated in South Wales.—ED.

§ *Ystyffan* was also a saint of the same period, as well as an elegant moral poet.—ED.

of a singular place called *Craig Pwll Du**, over which the river falls, and which is at once the wonder of the curious, and the terror of the superstitious natives. It is but little known to travellers, and Mr. Malkin is, I believe, the only tourist, that has given any description of the spot.

Accompanied by a young friend, we descended to it from the north side of the river, and found considerable difficulty in arriving at the place we had in view. A path, if such it may be called, resembling a sheep track, proceeding down a declivity, upon which it is hardly possible to stand, a loose crumbling rock beneath our feet, a tremendous precipice on one side, over which the least slip would have inevitably hurled us, and nothing to hold by, but here and there a straggling shrub, excited sensations not the most agreeable. We, however, arrived safe at the bottom, without any accident, and were amply repaid for all our fears and fatigue. The rocks on each side rise to an amazing height, and frown horribly; you fear lest, loosening from their foundations, they should crush you with instant and inevitable ruin, and some broken and mighty fragments, at your feet, prove, that your fears are not altogether vain. The strata of rocks on the north side of the waterfall lie nearly in a horizontal position, when, making a sudden and curious twist, they ascend to the surface of the ground in a perpendicular direction, as if tired of the gloomy scenes beneath, and determined to visit the light of day. Standing upon a narrow and dangerous ledge of rocks near the fall, you see the water at your feet covered with a white foam, raging and fretting from its sudden and precipitous descent, whilst here and there, at intervals, the fluid beneath seems black and deep, justly meriting the title of *Pwll Du*. About ten yards above, from where you stand, the whole of the river precipitates itself over a rock of many feet in height, into the pool beneath. The sublimity of the fall is increased by another immense rock, which, projecting forth from the south side, partly conceals the expansive water-sheet, and seems determined to hide the height of the fall from prying observation. Here, all is horrid gloom; the rays of the sun never illuminated it, and never will,—the blackness of darkness surrounds it, and reigns lord supreme,—you feel a chilling horror seize upon your soul,—you almost involuntarily look around for safety, when the eye catches a ray of light, darting obliquely upon a humble shrub above the summit of the waterfall. The

* "The Rock of the Black Pool."—Ed.

glance is very imperfect, but the green richness of the plant looks beautiful; you admire it more than the noise of the cataract, the dashing of the spray, the height and blackening frowns of the rocks, and instantly prepare to quit this scene of wild and savage grandeur.

Ascending the southern side of the river, which, by the way, requires considerable time and caution, you soon perceive the cause of all the uproar and ruinous magnificence below. The river flows due west down a deep valley, but is suddenly stopped by a huge rock, which, projecting from the southern side, runs right across the dingle, with an amazing height and thickness. The water, unable to break through such a powerful opposer, turns suddenly to the northern bank, and, before the rock can firmly join the other side, hurries itself over with a determined fierceness: hence the cataract, the deep black pool below, and all the romantic gloom of the place.

Upon this rock, tradition says, some mighty man built a castle; and, whenever he made any prisoners, his pleasure was to hurl them over the battlements down the rock into the black pool. If this be true, it marks a savage; and certainly a more gloomy place for a castle could not be selected in all Wales. I looked for some traces of this said castle, but could find none, though it is evident the surface of the rock has been disturbed. Upon remarking this circumstance to my friend, he observed, "a *cunning man* asserted, some years ago, that there was money concealed there sufficient to purchase Radnorshire, in consequence of which some people were foolish enough to dig, in expectation of finding the prize." The place seems likely enough to produce some metallic ore, and to this the *cunning man* probably alluded. At any rate, the place is worthy the attention of mineralogists.

What encreases the wildness of the spot is the want of wood: nothing appears but a few shrubs. This was not the case formerly; for some of my aged friends assured me, that, nearly within their recollection, the whole was covered with lofty and majestic oaks. It must, of course, be expected, that a dingle, so wild and horrible, abounds with fairies, sprites, and others of the spiritual tribe. Many are the tales, which are told and believed, respecting their appearance and actions; and you may as well doubt the being of a God, in the opinion of the inhabitants, as dispute the accuracy of their statements. These tales have, probably,

truth for their basis. Beings have been often seen there and noises heard; but these, I am persuaded, have arisen from thieves, gypsies, smugglers, &c. making it their temporary residence. In such a place as *Craig Pwll Du* these gentry might easily elude the most keen pursuit; and the caverns, which are in the rocks, would afford them sufficient shelter and security.

Nearly two miles from *Craig Pwll Du*, and on the north side of the Matchway, is a rising, and almost circular, eminence, called *Twyn y Garth*. Upon the summit of this hill is a small camp nearly circular, containing only one ditch, but in a high state of preservation. The only entrace is on the east side; and, at about eighty yards distant from it, only inclining to the north-east, are two *Carneddau*. The ascent to the camp is very steep upon all sides, and three or four thousand resolute men might defend it against any army. On the south side of the camp is a piece of land nearly square, inclosed by a slight ditch, and seemingly co-eval with the intrenchment. One side of it is protected by the rampart of the camp. It seems as if it had been more like a garden for supplying the soldiers with vegetables, than as forming any exterior defence to the fortress, though its present appearance affords no signs of its ever having been cultivated. The prospects from the summit are very fine, and the beautiful Wye appears to great advantage, meandering through a picturesque and fertile vale. If any of your readers should visit that neighbourhood, I beg, through the medium of the CAMBRO-BRITON, to recommend to their notice *Twyn y Garth* and *Craig Pwll Du*.

Alnwick, Sept. 15, 1820. WILLIAM PROBERT.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. VIII.

ANCIENT WELSH LETTERS.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—It cannot be denied, that, besides a grammatical knowledge of the Celtic, or ancient British, language under its present appearance, a perfect comprehension of the force of its original alphabet is, to an antiquary at least, an acquirement of some utility; since without it no meaning could possibly be applied to many interesting memorials of our ancestors. However, as the *Coelbren y Beirdd*, or Alphabet of the Bards, and the *Peithynen*, or Elucidator, have before been made the subject of a treatise in

the CAMBRO BRITON*, it becomes unnecessary to offer here any detailed account of them. I shall confine myself therefore to a brief examination of the genuineness of these ancient letters.

The claim of the ancient Britons to this alphabet seems to be indisputable; for, although Cæsar has remarked, that the Druids made use of Greek letters, it may be imagined, as before noticed in this work, that his observation on this point was occasioned by a resemblance between some of the Celtic and old Greek characters. The similarity of sound, which many words in the Welsh language bear to Greek, as well as Hebrew words of the same meaning, is an evidence of its eastern origin, and tends to confirm the opinion that it proceeded with the Cimbri from that quarter. The testimony of Cæsar is sufficient to shew, that the Britons had an alphabet before the arrival of the Romans in this country; for he states that the Druids of Gaul came to Britain for instruction†. Consequently, the letters, supposed by him to be Greek, must have been fully understood here; and, that such alphabet was the Celtic may be concluded from the frequent inscriptions, as well as old manuscripts, in that character‡. The inscriptions on British coins, struck previously to the arrival of the Saxons, prove that the Britons were in possession of an alphabet before that event. Dr. Johnson, whose authority must have considerable weight in deciding a question of this kind, has affirmed, that the form of language of the Saxons, on their arrival in Britain, about the year 450, cannot be known, and, that "they seem to have been a people without learning and very probably without an alphabet."

Before the departure of the Romans the Latin language had gained ground extensively, notwithstanding the opposition, which, it is natural to conceive, was made to its general introduction by those, who succeeded in retaining the use of their vernacular

* Vol. I. p. 241.

† Disciplina in Britanniâ reperta, atque inde in Galliam translata esse existimatur; et nunc, qui diligentiùs eam rem cognoscere volunt plerumque illò discendi causâ proficiscuntur. Bell. Gall.

‡ It does not seem to be well authenticated, that there are any old MSS. in the bardic character; and the inscriptions are, perhaps, questionable. The genuineness of this alphabet must, therefore, be proved by other testimony. There are, however, some ancient MSS. such as the *Liber Landavensis*, in a character similar to the old Saxon, as was also the inscription on Cadvan's tomb, noticed in the first volume of the CAMBRO BRITON, p. 15. See also the Cambrian Register, vol. 2. p. 486.—ED.

tongue. A legendary narrative was written, in Latin, of the life of Cynan Meiriadog, who ruled over North Wales about the close of the fourth century, previously to the final abandonment of this island by the Romans*; and Latin words are to be found interspersed in the poetry of the renowned Taliesin. These facts clearly evince a progression of the language even among those whose patriotism was the most insuperable; a circumstance not surprising, if we reflect upon the perseverance of the Romans, particularly during the government of Agricola, in endeavouring to diffuse their habits throughout every part of the island under their controul. It is, however, worthy of notice, that their efforts were unable wholly to supersede the language of the native inhabitants. That an intermixture of British and Roman letters should have sometimes occurred is more than probable: of this an instance is said to have been afforded on the dicovery of the grave stone of Pabo Post Prydain, who lived about the time of the Saxon invasion, and was buried at Llanbabo, in Anglesea, where a church had been founded by him, as the name denotes. This stone is represented to have had upon its edge a Latin inscription in Celtic and Roman characters. It is presumable then, that from those two characters was derived what has received the appellation of the Saxon alphabet.

The cause of Saxon literature has been supported by men of distinguished abilities. By the exertions of Spelman a professorship was established, and, for a time, maintained, at Cambridge, for the advancement of that branch of learning. At Oxford there is now an Anglo-Saxon professor; but, while it is admitted, that the various collections of Saxon MSS., which are extant, conduce much to the means of giving perspicuity to the primitive history of Britain, it may with confidence be asserted, that, in this as well as every other respect, the literary stores of the Cymry are equally, if not more, precious; and, it seems not unreasonable to indulge the notion, that, as Wales cannot at present boast of an University, a Celtic professorship† would be peculiarly characteristic of that seat of erudition, where valuable remains of British literature are deposited, and where the study

* Cambrian Biography. [See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. 1, pp. 87-8.—ED.]

† The advantages of a Welsh professorship at one of the Universities were strongly urged by Mr. Heber, at the late *Eisteddfod*, at Wrexham. This letter of Prydeiniad, it should be mentioned, was written some time before.—ED.

of a language, indispensable to the clergy of the Principality, is prosecuted with a zeal highly creditable to the members of Jesus College. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

PRYDEINIAD.

The following "fragment" is here inserted more for the notes than for the poetry, which, although professed to be a translation from the Welsh, wants the genuine characteristics of the Welsh muse. It appears to be rather one of those imitations of Ossian, which were at one time not uncommon.

***

BWRDD ARTHUR;

OR THE INSTITUTION OF KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

A fragment from the original British.

Spread be my board, round as the hoop * of the firmament, and as ample as my heart, that there may be no first or last; for odious is distinction where merit is equal.

Who is he with his spear yet dripping with gore? it is Meirig†, the eagle of Dyved, the terror of the Saxons: he gave a banquet to the wolves at *Cevyn Hiraeth* ‡. Woe be to him, who meets him in his wrath!

I have heard his shout!—'twas the sound of death! His guards of Cemaes || exulted. Like lightning flashed their blades around —the signal of battle!—They know no sheaths but the body of the foe.

The whirlwind of war is hushed. A lion among roses is Meirig in peace; mild as the sunbeam in spring, in the circling of the festal horn, when the womb of the harp quickens at his touch§—or when he conquers in the little battle ** of the chequered board.

* The word, in the original, signifies also the horizon—a sublime figure for the round table.

† Meirig was a Regulus of Dyved, the present county of Pemhroke, and was said to be one of the four who bore golden swords before Arthur, at his coronation feast; several of the gentry in this district trace their descent from him.

‡ The *mountain of longing or desire*, literally; but here *Hiraeth*, as *desideratum*, sometimes, in Latin, implies grief. A great number of hillocks (traditionatly said to be the graves of the slain) cover the surface.

|| In this part of Pembrokeshire was said to be Arthur's palace of Llan Nyfer.

§ The Cambrian heroes, like those of Homer, solaced themselves with music during their intervals of rest from martial labour.

** From *bach*, little, and *cammawn*, battle, sprang *backgammon*; but the game here alluded to was chess, a favourite amusement even among the pea-

Son of Urien! * thy place is here. In the strife of the conflict Owen and Urien were inseparable. Twin lions!—they fought side by side; and, at the feast shall they be divided?—Beset with foes, the barbed steel once searched Meurig's breast—Owen spread his shield before his wounded friend: the Gwyddelians saw his ravens † and fled; he pursued, and the Cynhen ran red with blood. Urien! thy fame is with the bard, but Urien can never die whilst Owen lives!

THE LEEK.

The true origin of the custom, still retained by the Welsh, of wearing leeks in their hats on St. David's Day is involved in much obscurity. However, in the absence of all certain knowlege respecting it, conjecture has not been idle. According to one account, the practice originated in a great victory obtained by the Britons over the Saxons, on which occasion the former were distinguished by the leek, as the order of St. David, and to which the following English lines appear to allude:—

"I like the leeke above all herbs and flowers;
When first we wore the same the field was ours.
The leeke is white and green, whereby is meant,
That Britons are both stout and eminent;
Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The leeke's the fairest emblem, that is worn."

Another version of this tradition refers the custom to a victory gained by Cadwallawn, near a field of leeks, which have, in consequence, ever since been worn by the Welsh to commemorate that event. The more plausible supposition, however, of Mr. Owen Pughe is, that the custom originated in the *Cymmortha*, still observed in Wales, in which the farmers assist each other in ploughing their land, and on which occasion every one formerly contributed his leek to the common repast.

***

santry of *Cemaes*. A family of the name of Lewis, in this district, bears *azure* a *lion rampant, within an orle of roses or*, which solves the expression, in the fourth paragraph, of *a lion among roses*.

* Urien was a prince of the Northern Britons, who came into Wales to aid the sons of *Cunedda* in expelling the Gwyddelians; he had a part of the present Carmarthenshire given him, and is said to have built Caercynhen Castle.

† On his shield were depicted three ravens, which is the coat armour of Lord Dynevor, and some other families descended from him. It is to these three ravens that the bard Taliesin, in the sixth century, beautifully alludes:

"Ac ar ei vron wen vran ddu,"
And on his silver breast-plate a raven.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

ARWYRAIN OWAIN.

GWALCHMAI AI CANT*.

Arddwyrëav hael o hil Grufydd,
O adian Cynan, ceinwydion udd:
Owain yd elwir,
Arglwydd hywydd hir:
Ev am dir yn wir
Yn wyth gyhudd.
Ev yn ngraid yn ngrew yn llew llovrudd,
Ev yn ngryd yn ngryn yn ryn rybudd:
Ev gwr gwelitor,
Golaith ei dewdor,
Rhag ovn yn angor
Hyd oror Morudd.
Ev gwnaeth yn ungad ddwygad ddigudd
Yn undydd herwydd herwyr cystudd:
Cad vawr Maesgarnedd,
Cad Ystrad Astyrwedd,
Cadarn gywrysedd
Cedeirn wosudd:
Cant a dau yn nghrau yn nghrair achludd;
Cnud a chnud a vud amdanadudd.
Cad argrad arall,
Cad gawad guall,
Cad val bad a ball,
A phellt ar grudd:
Cad a chedwyr Lloegr â llwgr i vudd,
A gorvod i vod i vab Grufydd.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. 1, p. 197. Gwalchmai, as already mentioned in the progress of this work, was one of the most distinguished poets of the twelfth century; and, having been also a warrior, the fire of his martial spirit seems to have been frequently infused into the strains of his muse. Twelve of his productions are preserved, and are printed in the Welsh Archaiology; and of these five are addressed, like this, to Owain Gwynedd. The present Ode may, perhaps, be considered inferior to the one previously selected, (see vol. 1, p. 229,) as wanting that variety of incident, on which the excellence of lyric compositions so greatly depends. The orthography, it will be seen, has been adapted to the present day, with the exception, that v and f are, as in former instances, substituted for f and ff.—ED.

ENGLISH POETRY.

THE PRAISE OF OWAIN.

A TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING ODE BY GWALCHMAI.

Gruffydd's noble son I sing,
Cynan's heir*, high-gifted king:
Owain his glorious name,
Of bold and manful fame;
Who in him aught might blame,
Save his warm, impetuous ire,
Warlike rage, and soul of fire?

There, upon the battle-plain,
Lion-like with gory hand,
Where insulting terrors reign,
Foremost signal see him stand:
While on the carnage covered field
His vanquished foes a bulwark yield
To trembling fear, far as yon billowy strand†.

Two conflicts, pregnant with dismay,
He fought, he gained, in one short day:
Maesgarnedd's field of might,
Astyrwedd's bloody fight‡,
Where valour shone so bright,
And fiercest struggles marked the doubtful fray:
Where slaughtered heaps on heaps were seen to soar,
And prowling wolves hung round, to snatch their feast of gore.

* Owain Gwynedd was the son of Gruffydd ab Cynan, one of the most celebrated of the Welsh princes. Owain too, who reigned over North Wales thirty-two years, was not less distinguished by the valour of his martial achievements, in his several oppositions to the incursions of the English and other bordering enemies.—Ed.

† The word, here translated "strand," is in the original *Morudd*, and which has been applied to the British Channel. Dr. Davies derives the word from *mor* and *rhudd*, red sea; and Mr. Owen Pughe from *mor* and *udd*, the king's sea.—Ed.

‡ Maesgarnedd is on the banks of the Maw near Dolgellau; the situation of Ystrad Astyrwedd is not known. The name may possibly have reference to the same battle, as another engagement is mentioned in the following lines: and the poet speaks only of two.—Ed.

Next a field of glorious fame,
Where the furious torrent came,
War's all-wasteful shower descending,
Prostrate arms together blending,
Like the whelming waves, that ride
O'er some found'ring vessel's side:
There, Loegria*, fought thy warriors, there to thee
Came ruin and disgrace,—to Owain victory.

***

THE PROPHECY OF TALIESIN†.

Eu Ner a volant,
Eu hiaith a gadwant,
Eu tir a gollant
Ond gwillt Walia.
Taliesin.

Still shall they chaunt their Maker's praise,
Still keep their language and their lays,
But nought of all their old domain,
Save Wallia's rude and mountain reign.

HEARD ye that sound near Tywy's‡ stream;
Or was it but some mystic dream,
That floats the pensive soul along,
With its wild mimicry of song?
Ah, list again,—yon mountain dell
Re-echoes to the tuneful spell:
'Tis Urien's § mighty bard, that sings;
How proudly burst his patriot fires,
As his loved country fills his wires,
And all her sorrows mourn along his strings!

* England.—ED.

† The prophetic lines, on which this effusion is founded, and which are prefixed as its motto, are remarkable for having been in every respect so singularly fulfilled. And it may be hoped, that the prediction, contained in the second line, will acquire fresh force every day.—ED.

‡ The river Tywy runs through that part of South Wales, in which Taliesin is supposed to have spent the evening of his days. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. 1, p. 11.—ED.

§ Taliesin was, at one time, the bard of Urien Rheged, a Cumbrian chieftain, and who is supposed to have resided, during the close of his life, with Taliesin, among the disciples of Catwg, at Llancarvan.—ED.

The gifted seer! I hear him still,
As erst on his Dimetian* hill,
When, starting from his eye, the tear
Proclaimed his wild harp's transport near:
It comes, it comes,—and when again
Shall CYMRU hear so bold a strain?

"Land of my fathers! where is flown
The freedom, that was once thy own,
When brave Caswallawn† led his band
Of heroes from thy chalky strand,
To check the haughty Roman's pride,
As Vict'ry roll'd her refluent tide,
And Gaul beheld a stranger strain
Avenge her desolated plain?
Where now the valour, that of yore
Exulted round thy craggy shore,
When even all-conquering Cæsar's name
Earn'd but at last a doubtful fame,
And vain his wonted boast he view'd,—
"He came, he saw," but ne'er subdued‡?
Where too the bold, and patriot zeal,
That flashed in old Caradawg's§ steel,
When, nobly struggling with his fate,
He fought, and fell, sublimely great:
Though lost his much-lov'd hills and plains,
Yet still a victor in his chains,

* Dimetia was the Roman name for that part of South Wales, now called Deheubarth, or, in a more contracted sense, Dyved.—ED.

† Caswallawn's expedition to Gaul is recorded in the Triads; and seems likewise to be confirmed by Cæsar himself. See the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, pp. 87, 88. And the object of this expedition is farther stated, in the Triads, to have been the recovery of his mistress, Flur, who had been forcibly carried away by a prince of Gascony, for the purpose of presenting her to Cæsar. Caswallawn is, therefore, recorded as one of the "three faithful lovers."—ED.

‡ Notwithstanding the first successes of Cæsar, his ultimate departure was regarded by the Britons as a cause of triumph; and, according to the Triads, the event was celebrated by Caswallawn with public rejoicings. For this reason, Cæsar's laconic epistle upon another occasion, "*veni, vidi, vici*," can hardly be said to apply to his British expedition.—ED.

§ Notices of Caradawg, or Caractacus, may be seen in the first volume, pp. 169 and 204. His defeat by Ostorius, and his magnanimous deportment at Rome, when brought in chains before Claudius, are sufficiently known. The particulars are related in Tacitus's Annals, l. 12, § 83, *et seq.*—ED.

And mighty Rome was awed to see
A Briton's native majesty?
Where now the fire, that since withstood
The treacherous Saxon's headlong flood,
When, ah, in luckless hour he came
To Britain's shores in friendship's name,
Yet dared to draw the faithless glaive,
To wound the land he came to save;
Though, Britain, oft thy vengeful arm,
Broke with fierce aim the traitor's charm *?

"All, all is gone,—I see the host
Of Saxon strangers rule the coast:
Britain's last monarch † leaves the shore,
An exile, to return no more;
While to his race of all his plains
A stinted reign alone remains ‡.
With patriot sadness, lo! he flies,
While memory fills his aged eyes
With all that once could pride impart,
To swell a King's, a Briton's heart;
But, sad reverse, his diadem now
Must grace a foreign ruler's brow,
And valorous Arthur's § old domain
Must crouch beneath a Saxon's reign;
Save CYMRU'S glens and mountains wild,
Asylum formed for Freedom's child,
Proud refuge of the free and brave,
That yet survive Britannia's grave.

* Every one, acquainted with the English history, knows the breach of faith committed by the Saxons on their arrival in this country. However, the Britons, far from tamely acquiescing in the treacherous usurpation, made a long and gallant resistance, and were only at last overpowered by numbers.—ED.

† Cadwaladr, for a short notice of whom see the first volume, p. 248. After Cadwaladr's departure the dominion of the Britons was confined to Wales and Cornwall.—ED.

‡ This has reference to Cadwaladr's inheritance of Gwynedd, which descended, on his abdication, to his son Idwal. But it was not until the time of his grandson, Rhodri Molwynog, that the Britons were obliged to abandon Cornwall, when, for the first time, their power was confined within the limits of Wales. This happened about the year 750, nearly two centuries after the death of Taliesin.—ED.

§ For a brief notice of Arthur see the first volume, p. 204.—ED.

" Yes there, ye great and favour'd few,
My country still shall live with you,
And, rising o'er the wreck of time,
Exulting boast her mountain clime,
While through her fairy haunts * shall stray
The music of her happier day;
For her's shall be the glorious meed,
(So Heaven and Genius have decreed,)
That still within her bardic shell
Her native notes shall love to dwell,
And still with 'raptured voice proclaim
The records of her pristine fame;
While, as of old, shall soar above
The hymn of gratitude and love,
Still mingling with her gifted lays
The incense of a nation's praise,
'Till that dread hour, when time is o'er,
And song and genius charm no more."

***

THE MOUNTAIN BARD TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Cymru, how I hail thy name,
How I prize thy ancient fame,
How I love to catch the sound,
Straying o'er thy magic ground,
Where immortal music dwells,
Nursed among thy rocks and dells;
Where the holy *awen* ever
Teems with strains, that perish never,
As within thy tuneful haunts
Still the 'raptured minstrel chaunts:
Emblem of his gifted sires,
Glowing erst with quenchless fires,
Type of bards, that yet shall be,—
Heirs of thy old minstrelsy.

Cymru! as my days decline,
May such favour'd lot be mine,
Near some lonely mountain stream
Thus to chaunt my bardic theme,
Thus my social harp to ply,
Thus to live, and thus to die!

***

* The superstitious notions of the Welsh respecting fairies have been described in the former volume, p. 347.—Ed.

WALES.

CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN GWYNEDD.—A meeting of gentlemen, within the district of Gwynedd, desirous of proving their attachment to the literature of their country, took place at Carnarvon, on Thursday the 26th of October, when it was resolved, that an *Eisteddfod* should be holden at that place in the course of the ensuing autumn; the precise time to be afterwards appointed by a Committee of Management. It was also resolved, that the Committee should meet, for this purpose, at Carnarvon, on the 16th of this month, when the subjects, to be proposed for the several prize compositions, are also to be selected. The meeting, at which L. J. Parry, Esq. presided, was respectably attended; and it may be hoped, that it will tend by its results to the diffusion of that national spirit, which has already been manifested in other divisions of the Principality. Thus have three out of the four districts of Wales united in this patriotic cause: surely, Gwent will not prove a solitary exception to the general enthusiasm. The country of Ivor Hael cannot remain without a vindicator, while there exists, in his descendant, so worthy an inheritor of his fame. . . . . ***

JESUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.—The following is the Advertisement of the PRIZES intended to be given by this society for the ensuing year.

1. For the best Essay in the Welsh language on "The Advantages likely to accrue to the Principality from a National Biography."—£20.

2. For the best Translation into the Welsh language of the first of the Sermons on the Sacrament, by the Rev. John Jones, A. M. of Jesus College, archdeacon of Merioneth and Bampton Lecturer for the year 1821.—£10.

3. For the best six Englynion on the words of Taliesin, "Cymru fu, Cymru fydd."—£2.

4. To the best Welsh Reader in Jesus College Chapel.—£6.

5. To the second best Welsh Reader.—£4.

N. B. Such members of Jesus College, Oxford, as have taken their B. A. degree, and are not of sufficient standing to proceed to that of B. D. are alone entitled to become candidates for the first prize.

The second, fourth, and fifth are intended for such, as have not completed four years from their matriculation.

The third for such, as are not of sufficient standing to take their M. A. degree.

No person, who has obtained a prize, will be allowed to become a candidate for a second prize of the same description.

The compositions, to which the prizes shall have been adjudged, will be recited at the College Meeting, to be held at Dolgellau, in July 1821.

The Compositions are to be sent, on or before Easter Monday next, under a sealed cover, with a motto, (the author's name being sent under another cover, with the motto inscribed upon it,) to the Rev. A. B. Clough, Jesus College, Oxford, who will submit them for examination to the following judges—

Rev. Dr. Williams, Cowbridge; Rev. J. Jones, St. Asaph; Rev. Daniel Evans, Jesus College.

WELSH JUDICATURE.—The following is a Report, made in pursuance of an Order of the House of Commons, dated the 9th of last June, for a Return of the Number of County Court Pleas, entered in the several Welsh counties, exclusive of Monmouth, during the nine years, ending with 1819.

Anglesey	1663
Brecon	2457
Cardigan	4610
Carmarthen	*1439
Carnarvon	5265
Denbigh	2509
Flint	†565
Glamorgan	4109
Merioneth	1981
Montgomery	4903
Pembroke	8667
Radnor	2081
Total	40,249

* This Return comprises the time only from 1812 to 1818 inclusive.

† This Return includes only the years 1818 and 1819, the Records of the Court, for the preceding period, having, according to a statement of the under-sheriff, been negligently lost or mislaid.

LITERATURE.

CELTIC REMAINS.—It is well known, that the celebrated Lewis Morris left a MS. under this title, which he intended to give to the world; and, by a note on his life in the second volume of the Cambrian Register, published in 1799, it appears, that the Rev. Walter Davies was, at that time, "preparing it for publication, with numerous additions and improvements." It is certainly to be regretted, both on account of Mr. Morris's acknowleged merit as a Celtic antiquary, and of the well-earned celebrity of his intended editor, that this *desideratum* has not yet been accomplished. However, there is still ground for hoping, that Mr. Davies may now avail himself of the more fortunate spirit, that has recently pervaded the Principality, to put the finishing stroke to this national production; and, whenever it appears, it will assuredly be hailed with gratitude and delight. In the first volume of the Cambrian Register Mr. Lewis Morris gives an account of the nature and extent of his proposed undertaking. It is contained in a letter to Mr. Pegge, in which he enters into a detail of his occupations and literary pursuits; and such of the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON, as may not be possessed of the volume in question, will, perhaps, feel an interest in having the passage here transcribed. The letter is dated February 11, 1761.

"But, what has taken up my chief attention for a good while past is making additions to Dr. Davies's British Latin Dictionary, and also another Dictionary entirely my own on the plan of Mareni, which has taken up my spare hours for many years. I call it *Celtic Remains*, or the ancient Celtic empire described in the English tongue, being a biographical, critical, historical, etymological, chronological, and geographical collection of Celtic materials, towards a British history in two parts.—The first contains the ancient British and Gaulish names of men, places, actions, &c. in an alphabetical order, wherein not only the true and real Celtic names are discussed in the ancient and modern orthography, proved from British authors and the present names of places, &c., but also the mistakes and errors, whether wilful or accidental, of the several writers, who have treated of the ancient affairs of Britain in any language, are explained and rectified. This is a laborious and great work.—The second part contains the Latinized names of men and places, used by Latin writers, who have modelled and twisted them to their own

language, with an attempt to shew what they are in the original Celtic, by comparing them with ancient history and the language of the principal branches or dialects of that people,—the British or Welsh, the Irish, the Armoric, and the Cornish. This part is in a great measure etymological, where fancy has her swing, though kept within bounds as much as possible."—CAMBRIAN REGISTER, Vol. I. p. 369.

***

HUW MORUS.—The first volume of the Poems of this Bard, edited by the Rev. Walter Davies, has recently appeared, and cannot fail to be favourably received by all those, who feel any relish for those light and humourous sallies of the Muse, in which Huw Morus is known to have excelled. An early opportunity will be taken for offering some extracts from this volume, which ought to meet with the patronage of every lover of Welsh poetry.

***

ERRORS CORRECTED.

EDNYWAIN AB BRADWEN.—In page 118 of the last Number it was stated in the Note, that Ednywain ab Bradwen and Ednywain Bendew were, in fact, two names for the same person. This was perhaps wrong; as the former was a Lord of Meirion and the latter of Tegaingl. They appear to have been both heads of tribes: and several families in Tegaingl claim their descent from Ednywain Bendew.

ST. CADVAN'S STONE.—In a note on page 121 it was mentioned, that this ancient relic had been removed from Towyn Church-yard by a neighbouring gentleman, to decorate his own grotto. This was done many years ago by the consent of the vicar; but the stone has since been deposited in Towyn Church, where it still remains. In a note in the second volume of the Cambrian Register, p. 373, it is said, that this stone was broken in its removal, whereby the inscription was unfortunately defaced, though it was afterwards made out from the fragments.

GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.—In the article relating to this Society in the last Number, p. 142, it was stated, that the annual medal would, "in future, be awarded on the second day of the *Eisteddfod* for Powys or Gwynedd."—Dyfed and Gwent should also have been included, as, although the Society was originally confined to North Wales, it has since been extended to the whole Principality.

VERBAL ERRORS.

P. 107, l. 12 of the Notes, *for* "Dineeawr," *read* Dinevor.
P. 110, l. 9, *for* "1499," *read* 1409.
P. 118, l. 6 of the Note, *for* "Ednuvain," *read* Ednywain.
P. 127, l. 21, *for* "appreciate," *read* depreciate.
P. 133, l. 6 of the Notes, *for* "ages," *read* age.
P. 143, l. 1 of the Note, *after* "to," *insert* the.

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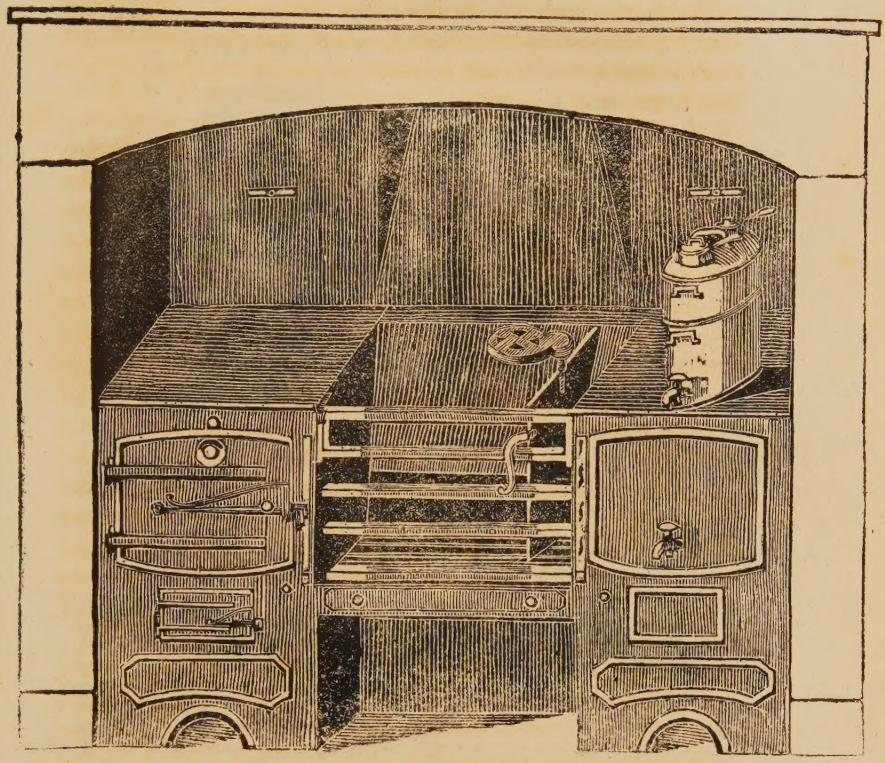

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